

A FRAGMENT.

BY ALICE CARY.

It was a sandy level wherein stood

This old and lonesome house,—far as the eye
Could measure, on the green back of the wood,
The smoke lay always, low and lazily.

Down the high gable windows, all one way,—

Hanging the long, drowsy curtains, and across
The sunken shingles, where the rain would stay,
The roof was ridged, a hand's breadth deep, with moss.

The place was all so still you would have said,

The picture of the Summer, drawn, should be
With golden curls, laid back against her head,
And listening to the far, low-lying seas.

But from the rock, rough-grained and icy-crowned,

Some little flower from out some clof, will rise;
And in this quiet land my love I found,
With all their soft light, sleepy, in her eyes.

No bush to lure a bird to sing to her—

In depths of calm the gentlest faint hum was drowned,
And the wind's voice was like a little stir
Of the uneasy silence, not like sound.

No tender trembles of the dew at close

Of day,—at noon, no insect choir;

No sweet bees at sweet work against the rose,
Like little housewife fairies round their dre.

And yet the place, suffused with her, seemed fair—

Ah, I would be in that room, no more to stir,
How from her forehead fell the shining hair,
As morning falls from heaven—so bright I so bright

CRAZY JOE.

A TALE OF THE GULF BUCCANEERS.

Whoever may have sojourned, for a few days only, in the island city of Galveston, at time since its occupancy by Americans, up to 1853, must have had his attention called to an eccentric and singular looking individual, to be met with in the streets and market-place of the town. This oddity was known as *Crazy Joe*, and was sometimes called *Pirate Joe*.

Joe was morose and taciturn; was rarely known to address himself voluntarily to any one; and, when spoken to, would invariably answer in a surly monosyllable. There was a mystery hanging about the man's history, which no one had ever been able to penetrate, save that he had been a resident of the place since it was an establishment of the buccaneers, under the famous Lafitte.

Among the eccentricities of this strange being, it had been observed, for years, that, at a certain period, he would suddenly disappear from his regular haunts, and, after an absence of about ten days, as suddenly return, with a supply of antiquated suits and rusty coats. Where he went no one could learn; and though when the time for his annual absence approached, there were curious persons, who would watch his motions, and try to dog his steps, Joe was invariably too shrewd for them, and would elude all their vigilance.

The only rational explanation that could be given for these periodical absences was, that he had somewhere on the island a deposit from whence he thus supplied his necessities. But, what was somewhat extraordinary, was the fact that only once a year were these pilgrimages ever made, and always at a stated period.

During a residence of a few weeks in Galveston, where I had been detained awaiting the arrival of a friend from New Orleans, who had arranged to join me in a journey to the interior of Texas, it became my good fortune to make the acquaintance and gain the good will of this extraordinary character, by rendering him important service, at a critical moment.

One evening, shortly after our "friendly relations" had been established, I invited Joe to take a ramble with me on the moonlit beach, where by degrees I drew him out to narrate something of his history. His language was a medley of Spanish, French, and English, with a sprinkling of Italian, lingua Franca, and Low Dutch. I succeeded, however, in gathering the sense of his story, which was of such an extraordinary nature that, on my return to my hotel, I reduced it to writing. I shall not, of course, attempt to give anything like his words, but, using the first personal pronoun, give the substance of his narrative, as briefly and correctly as possible.

After extorting from me a promise of secrecy, at least till I had heard of his death, the old man commenced:

"Where I was born, and when, I have never yet ascertained with any certainty, although from the facts I have in my possession, there is but little doubt that I may claim Spain as my native land. But the earliest recollection I have is of the sea. I can remember being a pet of a crew of rough and reckless sailors, among whom were spoken all the languages I have ever heard, but the French and Spanish were the most common. No one of these men seemed to have any particular charge of me, for I occupied exactly the same position as a large, shaggy Spaniel, my especial friend and play-fellow, who had the liberty of the deck, receiving kicks and caresses from all, with the same good-natured indifference.

"When I became large enough, I was taken from the fore-castle, and employed as a waiter in the cabin, where I was initiated into the mystery of punch-making, and polishing the buttons and sabres of the captain and his lieutenants. Shortly after I had entered upon this duty, the captain presented me with a golden locket, suspended from a chain of rare workmanship, which, I was informed, was my property, and was found on the person when I first came on board his vessel. This locket, which contained the picture of a beautiful woman, I was directed to take charge of, now that I was old enough to be entrusted with its keeping. Upon the back of the locket were inscribed certain initials, which, being ignorant of letters, I could not decipher. I, however, continued to wear it in my bosom, as if it were a rare charm, and even to this hour it has never left my person.

"I had not long been in the cabin, when I heard enough from the officers' conversation, coupled with what I had always previously observed, to convince me that there was something wrong in our pursuits. I had witnessed many scenes of violence and robbery, and even of bloodshed, from which my young heart revolted. It was true, I had no knowledge of anything other than the life and circumstances about me, yet I had a certain instinctive perception of right and wrong. I had also observed that, while we attacked and plundered all unarmed vessels we came across, there was a certain class which we always sedulously avoided; and when lying within the bayous and little harbors of the gulf coast, our upper spars were invariably lowered to the deck, and other measures adopted for concealment; while the shoremen who visited us to purchase our cargoes, always evinced a peculiar shyness and secrecy in their intercourse with us. All these circumstances satisfied my young mind that our business was not strictly honorable.

"I had never, up to the age of fifteen or twenty, (I have no correct idea of my age), been on shore, except at our principal rendezvous, or on some of the desolate islands where our business sometimes made it necessary to land. I had never yet seen a town except the Havana, and that at a distance; and when I heard my shipmates tell of their adventures in the various cities they had visited, I could form

no idea of them, except by comparing them with my impressions of that Cuban port, and its Moro Castle. This island of Galveston was our favorite resort, and here we had a village, with warehouses, where we stored many a cargo of plundered goods, and disposed of them to the shoremen, who visited us from abroad. At this place, which, to my unsophisticated mind, was one of the largest cities of the world, were a good number of shanties occupied by the wives and women of the officers and crews of our fleet, for I have counted no less than ten sails of fore-and-afters in the harbor at once, all under the command of the commodore of the squadron, who was none other than Mons. Lafitte, of whom you may have heard. I was sometimes—particularly when our vessel was undergoing repairs up in the Sabine Lake—permitted to spend weeks at our Rancho, as we called it, where the town of Galveston now stands.

"Our voyages were not confined to the Gulf, but were frequently extended through the Caribbean Sea, and among the West Indian Islands, as well as along the Spanish Main. Up to the age I have previously named, I had never stained my hands with the blood of those whom we had plundered; but I had become inured to scenes of carnage and violence, and only waited for a favorable opportunity to show my training at the bloody business. I only required a specified number of *murders* on my hands to entitle me to promotion from the cabin to the quarter-deck, and I determined, on the next opportunity, to take that initial step.

"One day—I remember it as if it were only yesterday, and shudder yet with the recollection of the horrid scenes that were enacted then, and in which I acted the part of an incarnate fiend. We had been lying inside one of the little bays of Cayo Romano, on the north side of Cuba, and the look-out discovered a large Spanish merchant ship becalmed off the shore, while endeavoring to make the harbor of the Havana. Disguised as peaceful fishermen, a boat's crew was ordered to board the stranger with a supply of fresh fish, which they were instructed to sell, while at the same time they were to ascertain if the vessel possessed sufficient armament to defend an assault, and if possible, to ascertain the nature of her cargo. I begged to accompany the party, and on reaching the deck of the ship, ascertained that she was bound to Vera Cruz, with a rich freight of merchandise and a number of passengers, among whom were several ladies. One young girl in particular struck me with her beauty, and as I looked upon her fair face, it seemed that I had seen and known her before, or had dreamed of her, at least, for every feature appeared familiar to me. I know not why it was, but from the first moment I looked upon her, I felt that there was some mysterious connection between us; and when she approached the basket on which I was leaning, to examine its scaly contents, and our eyes casually met, I experienced a peculiar emotion, which it is impossible to describe. It seemed like the recognition of long parted friends, for I am satisfied that she shared my feelings. I had frequently before been brought in contact with beautiful women, among the passengers of vessels we had captured, but never before had I experienced similar emotions. Mingled with all was a presentiment of coming evil to myself; I knew that evil was intended to her and her companions. But I determined, if in my power, to shield her from harm. As I went over the side of the ship, the eyes of the young lady followed me, and remained fixed upon me till we pulled away towards the shore.

"We reported the character of the vessel to our officers, and it was determined to capture her as soon as night fell over the waters, should the breeze not rise before. But the calm continued. The sun went down, and the full disk of the moon rising over the long, undulating swells of the ocean, lighted up the tapering spars and taut rigging of the graceful ship as she rolled idly on the waters, and mirrored her form on the polished sea.

"The crew was mustered, and plied abundantly with brandy to inflame them for the bloody work before us. I was induced to drink with the others, and being unaccustomed to the maddening stimulus, forgot everything but the promised promotion; and by the time we had reached the deck of the doomed ship, we were prepared to enact the fearful scenes that followed. For a while the brave Spaniards fought desperately, but we outnumbered them three to one, and soon covered the decks with their blood. Cutting my way through a little knot of gallant fellows who defended the entrance to the cabin, I leaped with one bound to the floor, and found myself in a crowd of shrieking women, who in vain begged for mercy; for, maddened with the fiery drink, and the blood I had already shed, I was beside myself. The order had been to give no quarter, for the pirate's motto then was, '*Dead men tell no tales*,' and most fearfully and literally did I obey the murderous mandate. In my drunken frenzy, I had forgotten even the fair young creature whose face had so singularly affected me in the early part of the day, nor did I recall her to mind till a wild, agonized shriek, which resounded above all the other horrid sounds, struck upon my ears, and a form that I had stricken to the floor, with my murderous knife, essayed in its dying struggle to clasp my knees. I was about to spurn it from me with a kick, when, on looking down, I recognized the same lovely face, which had awakened such strange emotions in my heart. Never shall I forget that dying look. It sobered me instantly, and I gazed upon the murdered girl—murdered with my own hands—with horror. I fell upon my knees by her side, and endeavored in vain to stay the red flood that gushed hotly from her bosom. In the effort a golden locket fell from the folds of her dress. Its gleam caught the eye of the dying girl, and tearing it from her neck, she pressed it upon my hands, while her bloodless lips moved with a scarcely audible sound; but my quick ear detected the words, '*mi hermano*!' (my brother!) and with her eyes upon my haggard face, and a hand placed upon my own, she ceased to live. Laying the inanimate form upon a cushioned locker, I rushed to the deck with a sensation of suffocation, a deadly sickness came over me, and the consciousness of a fearful crime pressed with a crushing weight upon my throbbing brain.

"I know not how many days had passed by, when I found myself lying in my accustomed berth in the cabin of our old craft, with the old familiar faces about me. I had been sick, they said, with a wild delirium, and had raved about a sister murdered, and a mother; and about a golden picture I had lost. It was, no doubt, the effect of too much drink. I had taken on the day of the capture of the Spanish ship, and too much excitement; for I had done wonders, and had bathed my hands in more than blood enough to entitle me to the promised promotion, which now only awaited my recovery.

"And to satisfy you that your pretty toy is all right, my boy," said the man, 'here it is; and another that was found in your hands, when you were taken up from the deck of the Spaniard, insensible.'

"As I took the pictures in my emaciated hands, the whole bloody scene of that awful massacre rushed upon me; and turning my face to my pillow, I gave myself up to a flood of bitter, repentant tears, the first I had ever shed, and I believe the last.

"At length I ventured to open the lockets,—and there was the verification of my previous suspicions. They were duplicates, exact in

every point, chains, inscriptions and all. They were both executed by the same artist, and at the same time. The pictures were those of a beautiful lady,—the very counterpart of the murdered girl, only the features were those of one who had seen some twenty-five or thirty summers. By an intuitive perception I had before suspected that the locket my captain had given me, contained the picture of *my mother*—and now I was convinced of the horrid truth,—that I had been the *murderer of my own sister*! That conviction has been impressed upon my brain, as with a hot iron, and the terrible knowledge haunts me day and night.

"From that day I became useless to my pirate associates. I had a horror of blood, and its sight would make me frantic; till at length I was permitted to remain on shore at the rancho, among the women and the sick of the pirate fleet; for we had a hospital here with its attendant surgeon and nurses; and after our chief, with his vessels and crews, united with General Jackson at New Orleans, during the war with England, he returned to the island, and revealing to me a hidden deposit of goods and money, parted with me for the last time. What became of him or my old associates, I know not; only I know that Lafitte struck his red flag forever, and running up the stars and stripes of the United States, did good service for the country, by molesting the British cruisers, and also that he took part in the battle of New Orleans, for which service he received the full pardon of the American President, and after the war disappeared from the Gulf."

Such was the strange tale Crazy Joe narrated to me as we wandered along the shores that had been the scene of the greater portion of his life. The poor fellow is now no more,—he died a few years since in the hospital of the Sisters of Charity, in Galveston, the same unhappy, misanthropic and friendless being he had lived; and with him died the secret of his hidden wealth of rusty coins and strange old uniforms.

A WARNING.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Oh, there are vultures on Parnassus yet,
More fierce than those that haunted Caucasus!
Undying and insatiate things they are,
Awaiting thee—thou new Prometheus!
And they do tear and gnaw away the soul,
And mock its ceaselessly replenished life.
With shrieks of maddened joy whose echoes roll
Eternally up from their scene of blood and strife.

Then see such torture—but it is too late!
The fire from Heaven—and its inseparable curse—
Are now become a portion of thy fate!
Ay, they would haunt thee thro' the Universe;
And though the spark won from above should lie,
Unfanned by Fame's fierce breath to glaring ray,
Alas—alas, it would not, could not, die—
But burn with its slow power thy heart and brain away!

CONFIDENCE BETRAYED.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

It is a miserable thing to find one's self betrayed by the friend in whom one has placed the utmost confidence. It cuts—yea, cuts like a keen-edged knife, to find that what we committed to the sacred keeping of our *friend*, is now in the keeping of the public, or at least of *our* public.

It takes people a long, long time to become convinced that there are on earth *very few* who are worthy of confidence. They go frankly on, trusting to brother and sister and friend, until finding themselves betrayed here, deserted there, "stood from under" in the very moment when they most need firm support and faith, they begin to understand what is the material out of which most men and women are made. Sensitive and irritable natures, becoming victims to this treachery, are almost maddened by it; but it is not worth while. Oh! not at all, if they could but realize it. There is nothing on earth worth going mad about—unless, perhaps, it be our own folly in trusting too much to our fellow creatures. Even husbands and wives are too often false to each other, in respect to many confidences. It is seldom, indeed, that two natures of similar or even approximate depth and fineness are united in the marriage bond.

It is a sight painful as interesting to witness a husband or a wife attempting, with all the warmth and enthusiasm of a refined and noble nature, to call forth answering glows and self-revealings from a soul which is utterly incapable, not only of making any suitable response, but of appreciating the worth of what is spent for its sake. Is it not painful to hear the sacred privacies of a true and loving soul made the subject of obtuse and most unappreciating remark by the very one to whom they were confided?

Involuntarily we shrink within ourselves, saying, "How unworthy!"

The sooner one united in any walk of life with one whose feelings are so far inferior and so much more external than his own, becomes aware of it, the better for all concerned. Then he will no more weary and exhaust himself with the vain endeavor to call into exercise in his companion (of whatever name) what is not there, but will school himself to accept him for what he is, not for what he would be glad to have him be. He will deceive himself, expose himself, and distress and condemn his companion no more.

Ceasing his demonstrations, he will be more happy, because more in his own power. The deepest and most tender things of his soul he will not continue to throw open to the gaze and touch of one who will but wonder at them, or, perhaps, laugh, and call upon the crowd without to come and behold.

Few, few indeed on earth are of a faithful or trusty nature. Most persons do *not* even understand what it is to be faithful—finesse and depth of feeling they do not know. It is not safe, nor well, to open your heart to their eyes, (no matter what relation they bear to you,) unless you are willing that all your injunctions to sacred privacy should be disregarded.

People must not be blamed for what they lack; but let no man be so foolish as to pour out his richest and strongest love, or his utmost confidence, upon any mortal.

There is but One that deserves so much at our hands. He will never betray. He will not wound by rough touches the tenderness and the delicacy of our unveiled souls—to Him the most sacred confidences of our lives and hearts are sacred, and beside Him there is not one of whom so much can with truth be said.

Hold the veil over your heart even in your secret chamber; but when you enter your closet you may safely cast it aside.

Thus, from the anguish of their own often betrayed hearts, speak the middle-aged to the frank and young.

The same nature that was in us is in you, ye youthful brothers and sisters; we know many of your circumstances; we can well divine what is before you, and we entreat of you to be wary, be watchful, be not too demonstrative—God alone is worthy to have human hearts placed unreservedly in his hands.

Trouble and bitterness, such as you can know in no other way, will be saved you if you attend this warning; if you think you need it not, if you will not accept it, go your own way; by and by—pierced, torn, transfixed, and bleeding—you will stagger towards those arms and to that bosom of Eternal Love and Unchanging

Truth that longs now to receive you, before your heart is wounded to the core, but which will not reject you even then.

A STRANGE DELUSION.

One of the most interesting but deplorable stories of witchcraft that has ever been recorded, occurred in Dalecarlia, a province of Sweden, in the year 1670.

The Dalecarlians, simple and ignorant, but of exemplary integrity and honesty, who dwelt amidst impracticable mountains and spacious mines of copper and iron, were distinguished for superstition among the countries of the north, where all were superstitious. In the year 1670, and one or two preceding years, there was a great alarm of witches in the town of Mohra. There were always two or three witches existing in some of the obscure quarters of the place. But now they increased in number, and showed their faces with the utmost audacity. Their mode on the present occasion was to make a journey through the air to Blockula, an imaginary scene of retirement, which none but the witches and their followers had ever seen. Here they met with feasts and various entertainments, which it seems had particular charms for the persons who partook of them. The devil feasted them with various compounds and confections, and, having eaten to their hearts' content, they danced, and then fought. The devil made them ride on spits, from which they were thrown; and the devil beat them with the spits, and laughed at them. He then caused them to build a house to protect them against the day of judgment, and presently overturned the walls of the house, and derided them again.

But this was not all. The devil was not content with seducing the witches to go and celebrate this infernal "sabbath," he further insisted that they should bring the children of Mohra along with them. At first he was satisfied if each brought one; but now he demanded that each witch should bring six or seven for her quota. How the witches managed with the minds of the children we are at a loss to guess. These poor, harmless innocents, steeped to the very lips in ignorance and superstition, were by some means kept in continual alarm by the witches, and said as their prompters said. It does not appear that the children ever left their beds, at the time they reported they had been to Blockula. Their parents watched them with fearful anxiety. At a certain time of the night the children were seized with a strange shuddering, their limbs were agitated, and their skins covered with a profuse perspiration. When they came to themselves they related that they had been to Blockula, and the strange things they had seen, similar to what had already been described by the women. Three hundred children of various ages are said to have been seized with this epidemic.

The whole town of Mohra became subject to the infection, and were overcome with the deepest affliction. They consulted together, and drew up a petition to the Royal Council, at Stockholm, entreating that they would discover some remedy, and that the government would interpose its authority to put an end to a calamity to which otherwise they could find no limit. The King of Sweden was at that time Charles XI., father of Charles XII., and was only fourteen years of age. His counsel in their wisdom deputed two commissioners to Mohra, and furnished them with powers to examine witnesses, and to take whatever proceedings they might judge necessary to put an end to so great a calamity.

They entered on the business of their commission on the 13th of August, the ceremony having been begun with two sermons in the great church of Mohra, in which we may be sure the damnable sin of witchcraft was fully dilated on, and concluding with prayers to Almighty God that in his mercy he would speedily bring to an end the tremendous misfortune, with which for their sins he had seen fit to afflict the poor people of Mohra. The next day they opened their commission. Seventy witches were brought before them. They were all at first steadfast in their denial, alleging that the charges were wantonly brought against them, solely from malice and ill-will. But the judges were earnest in pressing them, till at length first one, and then another, burst into tears and confessed. Twenty-three were prevailed on thus to disburthen their consciences; but nearly the whole, as well those who owned the justice of their sentence, as those who protested their innocence to the last, were executed. Fifteen children confessed their guilt, and were also executed. Twenty-six other children, (who, we may infer, did not confess,) between the ages of nine and sixteen, were condemned to run the gauntlet, and to be whipped on their hands at the church-door every Sunday for a year together. Twenty others were whipped on their hands for three Sundays. This extinguished the delusion.

THE CHANGES OF TIME.

Time changes all things. It is the language of our hexameters at school, and of our declamations at college; it is confirmed by the lamentable experience of our manhood, and remembered in the bitter reflections of our age. The old god with his scythe and his hour-glass, his wrinkles and his wings, wakens us to a melancholy sense of his supremacy, when he interchanges with the enjoyments which are springing up in freshness and verdure around our own hearts; when he points to the blighted friendship, the blasted love, the sympathies extinguished, the brotherhood severed in twain. Listen to a young man of twenty. He has formed opinions which no temptation will shake, connexions which no circumstances will dissolve. He is going into the world with a set of companions whose thoughts and feelings are his own, and he will defy the corrupting influences of cold society, hand in hand with men whose principles he embraces, whose genius he admires, whose talents must make them illustrious, whose ambition will never make them base. Five years hence, all this will appear to him, according to the temper of his mind, very ludicrous, or very sad.

SITTING FOR ONE'S PICTURE.

There is a pleasure in sitting for one's picture, which many persons are not aware of. People are coy on this subject at first, coquet with it, and pretend not to like it, as is the case with other venial indulgences, but they soon get over their scruples, and become resigned to their fate. There is a conscious vanity in it; and vanity is the chief ingredient in all our pleasures, the true *ceteris* of human life. The sitter at first affects an air of indifference, throws himself into a slovenly or awkward position, like a clown when he goes a courting for the first time, but gradually recovers himself, attempts an attitude, and calls up his best looks, the moment he receives intimation that there is something about him that will do for a picture. The beggar in the street is proud to have his picture painted, and would almost sit for nothing: the finest lady in the land is as fond of sitting to a favorite artist as of seating herself before her looking-glass; and the more so, as the glass in this case is sensible of her charms, and does all it can to fix or heighten them.

"Seth, how sheepish you look." "Sheepish? I guess you would look sheepish too if you'd lived on nothing but mutton for a week as I have."

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The author who pays more attention to the manner than to the matter of his writings, and excites an expectation by his studied conceits and antitheses, which is not justified by the subject or the sentiment, may be compared to an ill-trained pointer-dog, which, by stopping to make a false point where there are no birds, only makes game of his master. Many a punning writer is a comical dog of this sort, often raising our expectation, but seldom enabling us to bring down a thought or put anything into our memory-bag.

The justice which we refuse to great men when living, and willingly concede to them after death, does not emanate from our love of their virtues, but from our hatred of those who have succeeded to their high offices. We are not less liberal of our praise when it can do no good, than of our abuse when it can annoy and injure.

"I didn't denounce you," said a saucy young fellow to a Western Editor, "but only your subordinate; I merely made a fling at your staff." "Well, sir," replied the Editor, flitting the action to the word, "then my staff shall have a fling at you."

It was said a short time ago that a Yankee had applied for a patent for a pocket-book that wouldn't open when a bill was presented. We see pretty strong indications that the patent has already got into very extensive use.

A SHORT time ago we saw a deputy sheriff in full chase after a thief. The thief, finding that he was about to be fired at, bowed his head, and the deputy fired a shot over his bon. But it brought him to.

"I do not expect," says a flippant American author, "that my writings will survive many years, for nature itself is subject to decay." But that's no sign that his writings will decay—there is no nature in them.

EVIDENCE is the impression made upon a man's mind through his own senses; but *testimony* is only the impression that a man may choose that his tongue should make upon the senses of others.

"I REALLY believe, husband, that you and your fellows will eat up everything we have got." "Oh, no we sha'n't, wife; we mean to drink a part of it."

The health of the mind is more important than the health of the body. Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none.

It is said that a sheriff is the most disagreeable-seeming machine extant. Many a poor fellow is "completely sewed up" by him.

The Editor, who kissed his sweethearts, saying, "please exchange," is believed not to have exceeded the proper "liberty of the press."

The poor man who travels with a pack upon his back, is generally better than the fellow who travels with a pack in his pocket.

A YANKEE who recently returned from Newfoundland, says that the fog is so thick there that he used to drive a nail in it to hang his hat on.

As a razor is best whetted in oil, so wit is set sharpest by politeness. The lack of edge in both is discoverable from the offence or pain they give.

FOOLS are generally most ambitious to do what nature never designed them for, just as we see tame monkeys forever trying to walk upon two legs.

No matter how urgently a bad man may invite you to his house, be very careful not to "put your foot in it."

"I AM rejoiced, my dear wife, to see you in such fine health." "Health? I have had the plague ever since I was married."

THERE is thought to be very little use in a man's meaning well, if he cannot express his meaning by his acts.

MEN cannot subsist wholly upon glory. Fame, taken without meat, is decidedly unwholesome.

THERE are thousands who covet not only praise but the reputation of despising it.

TRIFLERS cannot excel even in trifles. 'Tis only solid bodies that take a fine polish.

TUPPER says that a grain of corn is better than a diamond. Certainly it is, for a barn-dog fowl.

GRAY hairs, like honest friends, are often cast from us for telling unpleasant truths.

MOCK-AUCTION stores are places where the buyer is sold.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Times says that as a fisherman off Ferryden was hauling a small haddock, he discovered that a large halibut had seized it by the tail, for the purpose of devouring it; he at once laid hold of the halibut, and found a ling (a sort of codfish) had seized it; he then made fast to the ling, and found that an enormous cat-fish had it by the tail; he at once secured the cat-fish, and so completed the haul. A most singular "chain of events."

A WOMAN living in Manchester, N. H., having quarrelled with her husband, in a fit of anger and despondency took a dose of strychnine. When the poison began to do its deadly work, she was seized with mortal terror, begged in most heart-rending terms to be saved, and in her shrieks for mercy and writhings of agony presented a spectacle of woe which was utterly indescribable and appalled the stoutest heart. Her horrid death should be a warning to all would-be suicides.

A YOUNG German, living at Edwardville, Ill., not long since became displeased with a girl to whom he was engaged to be married, because she danced at a party with other young men, followed her home, told her she must die, seized her by the throat and choked her into insensibility, (as he thought, to death,) and then seized a pistol and blew out his brains.

The water works of a manufactory in Wheeling having recently "run rather dry" while the river was far above low-water mark, the superintendent investigated the large pipe leading from the river, and found it wedged up with the carcass of a defunct alligator of large size. The monster had probably crawled in to take a nap, and got stuck.

A BOY in the Monroe County Insane Asylum was cleaning a fish recently where some of the inmates were walking about for exercise, when one of them seized the knife out of the boy's hand, attacked a fellow-lunatic, and nearly severed the top of his skull from the lower portion. The wounded man lived but a few hours.

The British government have made arrangements whereby they can turn out five hundred cannon a week ready for service, and forty thousand rounds of cannon shot. They have in store at Woolwich about ninety million rounds of Minié rifle ammunition. This looks warlike.

It is reported that the Rothschilds lost seventy-five millions of francs (about \$15,000,000) by the recent failure of a great Viennese banking house. But as they are said to be worth two hundred millions of dollars, the loss to them will be no more than that of \$15,000 to a firm worth \$200,000.

A MEMPHIS (Tenn.) paper says that locusts have appeared in the neighborhood of that place in immense swarms, and are eating up everything in field and garden. The turkeys, hens and chickens are so fond of the locusts, that many have been killed by overgorging on them.

A MAN in East Machias (Maine) set a trap for a bear, and baited it with salt herring. A neighbor's cow, it is supposed, attempted to lick off the salt; the trap was sprung thereby, and the cow, being caught by the nose, was strangled.

A MICHIGAN paper in giving an account of the striking of a family by lightning, says: "They were sitting around the table at the time, and were terribly shocked—all believing themselves dead for some time."

A DEPUTY SHERIFF of Rensselaer county, N. Y., who was in the habit of carrying a good deal of money about with him, was murdered recently at West Troy, and his body thrown into the canal.

A LADY living in Goldsborough, N. C., while standing in the midst of her children, recently, during a thunder storm, was killed by lightning, while all the rest of the group escaped unhurt.

The starvation and suffering at Pike's Peak, and on the road thither, have increased to a frightful degree. Let no one who values health or life go there without six months' provisions.

A FARMER living near Port Huron, Mich., lately shot his son-in-law, because the latter would not desist from heating a refractory cow belonging to the former.

A LADY living in a village of Maine, has gone crazy on account of the disgraceful conduct of a favorite son, whose misdeeds have become public.

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